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essays on Kipling and Pater might be made of the chance and casual utterances of Hearn in his friendly letters. Loti he viewed with a combined delight in his high-wrought, nervous art and a total disapproval of his moral nature. For the young Kipling, at that time doing his most exuberant work, he had nothing but whole-hearted admiration. Certain of his ballads he could read seven times in succession and find new beauties every time. One letter full of delight in the younger author ends up with spontaneous cheer: "Great is K——!"

Whole essays upon the French romanticists could be made out of the book, as well as a wonderful study of Hearn's theories of art; his sense of the "colors and tints of words, the rustling of the procession of letters, the dream flutes and dream drums which are thinly and weirdly played by words." For him, he writes elsewhere, "words have color, form, character. They have faces, parts, manners, gesticulation;—they have moods, humors, eccentricities;—they have tints, tones, personalities." Noguchi says of Hearn: "He wrote with his life-blood." So do all those whose writings live. The very best of Hearn's product is in these letters, for in these he was free of all shyness; he was unveiling his personality for a friend who loved him, and great and beautiful as was his art his personality was greater, more beautiful.

WILLIAM SHARP. FIONA MACLEOD: A MEMOIR. Compiled by ELIZABETH A. SHARP. New York: Duffield & Co., 1910.

Those who turn to this Life and its Letters for *bona fide* material of a psychic or pathological nature will very likely be disappointed. The total impression in finishing the volume is that the very most has been made of what is, after all, not an unusual phenomenon. Sharp lived in the very centre of the Celtic Renaissance. The old poetry was being unearthed and studied and all the old magic and superstitions, legends and phrases, revived. It was a good mine for literary digging, and the stuff thrown up made the prominence of not a few young men of pretty fancy and swiftly fired imagination. A hard-headed critic, of the classical school, having waded through a mass of Celtic revival poetry, remarked, dejectedly, "The trouble is there is such a thin sprinkling of genius over the whole bunch."

William Sharp, like thousands of other people, seems to have had at least two sides to his nature; he was an industrious, studious, hard-working hack-writer, and alongside of this he had a visionary, sentimental, mystery-loving, feminine endowment. This latter side of his nature was very susceptible to beauty and to the charms of nature. There can be but little doubt that had William Sharp published his Fiona writings under his own name, it would have detracted from his reputation as a sober literary critic. There is just as little doubt in many minds that some of Fiona MacLeod's high reputation was due to the mystery in which she was shrouded. One has a dim feeling that if the Sunday papers had published her photograph, and the ladies' journals given pictures of her walking costumes and her pets, fewer of her books would have sold. Mystery is as good an advertisement as any; indeed, it is better than most, and it served its purpose here.

W. B. Yeats asserts that when Sharp had been talking and acting in what we may call the Fiona mood and then returned to himself as William Sharp he had no recollection of the preceding conversation. But this idea,

Mrs. Sharp admits, was poetic license. There was no forgetting of Fiona's sentiments, and Sharp passed from the one mood to the other as unconcernedly and with as clear a recollection as the average hack-writer might turn from the practical details of ordering dinner to writing this review. The difference in the two moods or the two personalities seems no greater, for example, than the difference Shelley shows in his love lyrics and his hard-headed political propaganda.

A careful and exhaustive comparison of the vocabulary, sentence structure and idea content of the writings published under the two names might yield fruitful results. There is no space for such a work in an ordinary review, but picking up at random a critical essay by William Sharp and turning the pages swiftly, the eye may be caught by such phrases as the following:

"The animating principle is always of necessity greater than the animated form, as the soul is superior to the body."

"Not a living thing is visible, though far up on a vast expanse of unbroken white a tiny blue-black shadow moves like a sweeping scimitar."

"How much greater is life than its noblest manifestation."

"The sombre shadow of Ben Ledi—"

"The Hill of God—sombre, notwithstanding the white garment of snow in which it is enveloped."

"One sheet of dark ice."

"Soothing solitude.—Majestic silence.—Secret and holy lair—"

"Pipes a solitary tune of life, its love, its devotion, its fervor, its prophetic exaltation, its passion, its despair, its exceeding bitterness."

Do these phrases and words not seem to belong to the stock in trade of Fiona MacLeod? They are taken from an essay on the technical structure of the sonnet by William Sharp.

This is no attempt to belittle Sharp's fame or to detract from the beauty of Fiona's writings. Those who admire Fiona rate her work very high. It is simply a warning that pathological data is here in rather small quantity, and to the plain man there will perhaps seem to be just a suspicion of charlatanry in the double-personality talk. After a very brief and cursory examination of two of Sharp's essays and three of Fiona's books, both writers are found to be addicted to "vastness," "latency of fire," "unbroken white expanses" and "glimmering blue-black shadows," "white faces," together with all sorts of omens, croaking ravens, general vehemence, careering and careening, dreams, visions, etc. Mrs. Sharp testifies that she was often with her husband while he was in trance, and that during such times she felt the "room throb with heightened pulsations." She also says that Sharp often mentioned to her that curious "dazzle of the brain," which preceded the falling away of material things and the awakening of the visionary world. This is very interesting, and it would have been helpful to have had Sharp's trances more minutely described and carefully recorded. "That dazzle of the brain," when material things seem to become for the instant translucent, is too general an experience to question. The great matter as to that is whether the results of the experience are of any value, and only time and the gathering of much-scattered data can answer the question.

There are many interesting letters in the volume; none more so than a long letter of that rare and authentic genius, A. E. (George Russell). Sharp's letters show a lovable and interesting personality, a man of unusual gifts fighting a hard fight to earn a literary living. Some of his

dreams as recorded in the Conclusion are interesting, although every term but one in the first recorded dream is a quotation. "Dark with excess of light" dates back as far as Plotinus, serves again for Milton's "Paradise Lost" (Book III, l, 380), and the idea undoubtedly creeps out again in Vaughn's

"There is in God
A deep but dazzling darkness."

PLUTARCH'S CIMON AND PERICLES. With the Funeral Oration of Pericles (Thucydides, ii, 35-46). Newly translated with introduction and notes by BERNADOTTE PERRIN, Lampson Professor (Emeritus) of Greek Literature and History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910.

Those who gladly welcomed Professor Perrin's admirable first volume of Greek worthies, "Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides," will probably give an even warmer reception to the second, "Cimon and Pericles." Here is, indeed, a labor of love strengthened by fine scholarship so that to the student and general reader alike these two "Lives" must come with a double grace. Even literary loves, however, are sometimes tinged with jealousy lest the object of affection be deprived of due honor, but these latest "Lives" only reinforce that old, dear, heavy, quarto of our childhood which so royally introduced us to "the glory that was Greece, to the grandeur that was Rome." Here all Plutarch's sources of information are closely followed, scrutinized and arranged, with the result of rather strengthening his worth as a historian while in no wise taking from his power in "artistic ethical portraiture." And a seasonable word in passing may not be amiss concerning this particular view of Plutarch, "Prince of Biographers." That he was a moralist first and a historian afterwards, that it was the ethical content of a life and the way in which it might be used to woo men on to virtue that chiefly interested him, scarce seems a rightly proportioned view of Plutarch. Lover of virtue he surely was, but he was equally a lover of what he so frequently calls "fundamental truth" and which he, like other historians, found so hard to reach. The ethical content, with its possibilities of self-knowledge, self-control and self-improvement, are never separable in his thought and work from the hard actual fact. Indeed, what *may be* is based upon what *is*, and he earnestly tries to show the essential connection between the two. Plutarch did not conceive of history as does Lord Acton, also a great historical genius; but the personal equation must be allowed for quite as much in Acton as in Plutarch; must be allowed for in all historians. For the only real historian is the Recording Angel and to his records we have no access. No man was ever so set in the heart of things that he could give more than a tithe to what was going on about him, and that tithe is inevitably deep-dyed in the Tyrian hue of his own personality. "*De Bello Gallico*" is admirable history, but it is a far more comprehensive study in Roman and Caesarian egotism. That Plutarch's hand seems sometimes hesitating, that his colors are frequently fluent rather than fixed, that the "artistic ethical portraiture" is by no means self-consistent, is all so much evidence of his love of this "fundamental truth." He nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice. He gives the limning of both friend and foe. Whenever and wherever possible, he not only presents the estimate of the trained observer and thinker,